

VOTE FOR YOUR GOD YOUR HOME YOUR COUNTRY

Womenhood The School
The Church The Home
Prosperity Childhood

WHICH

The Still House
The Bar Room
Drunkenness, CRIME

Goodel Carson on Prohibition

To the Editor: Afflictions and suffering have, up to this time, prevented me from taking any hand in the great prohibition movement now on foot. But with your permission I cannot let this occasion pass away without saying at least a good word in behalf of the temperance cause.

This great, non-partisan uprising of the people against the drink evil, this glorious Christian enterprise appeals to the heart of every man who has any of the milk of human kindness in his soul.

I want to let my friends and my enemies know where I stand on this great question. I believe that the cause of prohibition and of temperance is the cause of God, and I believe that the whiskey business is the Devil's business. I believe that every man, woman or child that makes it, or sells it, or drinks it as a beverage, or advocates it, is doing the devil's work. And I believe that any editor of any newspaper who will, for filthy lucre, oppose the cause of prohibition, or any public speaker, who for a like consideration, will go through this country and make stump speeches against prohibition and temperance and in the interest of whiskey and any voter who will sell his vote to the cause of whiskey, are each and every one of them, and all of them sunk so low in moral degradation that it would take at least two miracles to save them. In the first place it would take an extraordinary miracle to bring them up to a level with human depravity, and after that it would take the ordinary miracle of Grace to save them.

In gratitude to God for mercies past, and in hope of blessings to come, I feel authorized and called by the Spirit of Divine Truth to warn the men who are leading in this evil work that they are treading dangerously near that "unspeakable line" that marks the boundary between God's patience

and His wrath, beyond which God himself hath sworn that he who goes is lost. To cross this limit is to die, to die as if by stealth, though it may not reach the beaming eye or pale the glow of health."

Mr. Editor, I want the voters to consider the nature of the opposing forces in this battle of the "Armageddon," in which God is pleading with the nations. On one side we see God and the angels and the spirits of just men made perfect and a mighty host of patriots, men, women and children, arrayed on one side. And on the other Satan, the great arch-fiend, with legions of devils and lost men, followed by some of the ignorant or erring sons of earth. I want the voter to think seriously which side he believes God is on and then vote accordingly, for we all believe that God is on the right side. For

"Right is right, as God is God And right the day shall win, To doubt would be disloyalty, To falter would be sin."

Then let us press the battle to the gate and ALL vote for prohibition, and come up as one man to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

THE RIDE OF DEATH!

If you vote for liquor you are jointly responsible with the distiller and bar-keeper for the sorrow, poverty and crime that come from their traffic. Stand by the home on May 26th. Vote against liquor. "Therefore, as it is the greatest combined evil that is blighting the homes and destroying the lives of North Carolinians, and taking away from the State property, life and priceless manhood and womanhood, I appeal to you to help me rid North Carolina of this infamous curse."

Fellow voters: Do you intend to be a drunkard? Or do you expect to make drunkards? Or are you for sale? Only slaves can be bought! By your vote you put yourself in league with one of two companies: On one side the distillers, saloonists, gamblers, drunkards, thugs, vilest of the vile. On the other, are the preachers, teachers, women, children and those who are to be a blessing to mankind. Your vote decides your companions! Which shall it be

Only one question, Is it possible that men will vote to establish an institution in North Carolina which all admit has but one result, namely, the destruction of every other institution which we gladly support by service, money and prayer? It is preposterous! Absurd

To the voters! Voters: Do you realize that this election offers you a chance to bless every man, woman and child in North Carolina?

This is no political question. Great men in both the great parties are mightily advocating the noble cause at issue

Every ballot powerfully says My owner respects the church values the schools, prizes his home and loves his country, or it terribly says: My owner desires to say he condemns the church despises the schools, destroys the home and betrays his country! Reader what shall your vote say?

Seventeen great words accurately describe the liquor traffic: "Tree of all subtlety and mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness"

Behold the wicked origin, the sneaking nature and the malicious purpose of the most notorious enemy of every heart and home of our land! This monster must die! Say: I'll help kill it!!!

Among those who will vote against prohibition are some who have surrendered to a vicious appetite, others who propose to deal it out to their fellows for blood and some who have set a price on their small influence.

Unrestricted personal liberty means brute force; then the weak are at the mercy of the vicious and strong.

Civil liberty permits men to do as they please without injuring others, but there personal liberty ends.

I believe in local option. This election is local option on a grand scale. The state is the locality.

If you vote for liquor, you vote to open wide the throttle and let the engines drive the mills that make criminals and drunkards of the boys.

Is not the boy of your neighbor worth as much to his parents?

If you vote for liquor, throw off your sickly, canting hypocrisy, quit the church and be faithful to the devil, whose servant you are.

If prohibition did not prohibit, the whiskey league would not spend money to buy your votes, nor hire broken down politicians to do their wicked work.

If you vote the whiskey side, be frank about it, and though you must be ashamed of it, let your wives, sisters, mothers and neighbors know you have enlisted for the devil.

If liquor is a good thing why not have it near the churches of North Carolina.

Do you want a saloon near your home? If not why near your neighbor's home, and which one of them?

What are the boys of North Carolina worth to the State? Are they not worth more than all the saloons ever paid into the State treasury?

Neighbor, what is your boy worth?

For what in dollars and cents, will you sell the home, happiness and soul of your boy to the whiskey league?

"Building a City on Blood" was the subject of a recent temperance address in Wilmington. That is what every city does that depends upon income from the sale of whiskey.

If YOU vote "for the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor" YOU cannot escape responsibility for the crimes committed by men who buy it, drink it and are crazed by it.

This election offers every voter the chance of a lifetime to serve his country in the most vital and valuable way possible.

PROHIBITION MEETINGS

On Saturday, at Fletcher, Speakers, Rev. Jno. W. Moore, and Col. S. V. Pickens.

On Sunday, at Green River Church, at 11 o'clock. Speakers, Judge Pace, Col. S. V. Pickens and others. Everybody Go!

Vote for your GOD

THE WORKING MAN'S MONEY

In one of our large cities a laboring man leaving a large saloon, saw a costly carriage and pair standing in front occupied by two ladies elegantly attired, conversing with the proprietor.

"Whose establishment is that?" he said to the saloon-keeper as the carriage rolled away.

"It is mine," replied the dealer proudly. "It cost thirty-five hundred dollars. My wife and daughter cannot do without it."

The mechanic bowed his head a moment in deep thought, then, looking up, said with the energy of a man suddenly aroused by some startling flash, "I see it! I see it!"

"See what?" quired the saloon keeper. "See where, for years, my wages have gone. I helped pay for that carriage, for those horses and gold-mounted harness, and for the silks and laces for your family. The money that I have earned, that should have given my wife and children a home of our own, and good clothing, I have spent at your bar. My wages and the wages of others like me have gone to support you and your family in luxury. Here after my wife shall have the benefit of my wages; and, by the help of God, I will never spend another dime for drink."

VOTE AGAINST LIQUOR ON MAY 26th.

By voting for prohibition you will personally help reform many a helpless drunkard, release from poverty and torture and slavery scores of heartbroken sisters, wives, and mothers, and save them shame, squalor and unspeakable suffering hundreds of sweet little children of drinkers, distillers and dealers. Reader does your bosom carry a heart that will ensnare manhood, enslave womanhood and slaughter the innocents? Yes, or No, which?

There is not a single worthy argument in favor of intoxicating liquor being made and sold in our good state. No man's personal rights are invaded thereby. For no man can have a right to destroy people's rights. Little boys have the right to be protected from the hideous snare of intoxicants; little girls have a right to happi-

Get Off The Hell-bound Train.

The drunkard lay down on the bar room floor, Having drunk so much he could drink no more, And fell asleep with a troubled brain, To dream that he rode on the hell bound train. The engine with blood was red and damp. An Imp, for fuel was shovling bones. And the furnace roared with a thousand groans. The boiler was filled with lager beer, And the devil himself was the engineer. The passengers made such a motly crew— Church member, atheist, Gentile and Jew, Rich men in broadcloth and beggars in rags, Handsome young ladies and withered old hags, Yellow and black men, red and white, Chained all together a horrible sight. Faster and faster the engine flew, Wilder and wilder the country grew. Louder and louder the thunder crashed, Brighter and brighter the lightning flashed. Hotter and hotter the air became, Till the clothes were burned from each quivering frame, And in the distance was heard such a yell— "Ha-ha!" croaked the devil, "we're nearing Hell." And, oh, how the passengers shrieked with pain, And begged the devil to stop the train. But he capered about and danced with glee, And laughed and joked at their agony. "My faithful friends, you have done my work, And the devil can never a payday shirk, You have bullied the weak, and robbed the poor, And the hungry brother have turned from your door. You have gathered up gold where the canker rusts, And given free vent to your hellish lusts; You've drunk and rioted, and murdered and lied, And mocked at God in your hell-born pride, You've paid full fare, so I'll carry you through, For it's only right that you get your due; For every laborer is worth his hire, So I'll land you safe in my lake of fire Where my fieryimps will torment you forever, And all in vain you will sigh for a Savior." The drunkard awoke, with an awful cry, His clothes soaked wet, and his hair standing high, And he prayed, as he never had prayed before, To be saved from hell and the devil's power, And crying and praying were not in vain, O'f'r he nevermore rode on the hell-bound train.

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VOTE For Your

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